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**T h e R a i l w a y
songster**

Devonport [England]

[18--]

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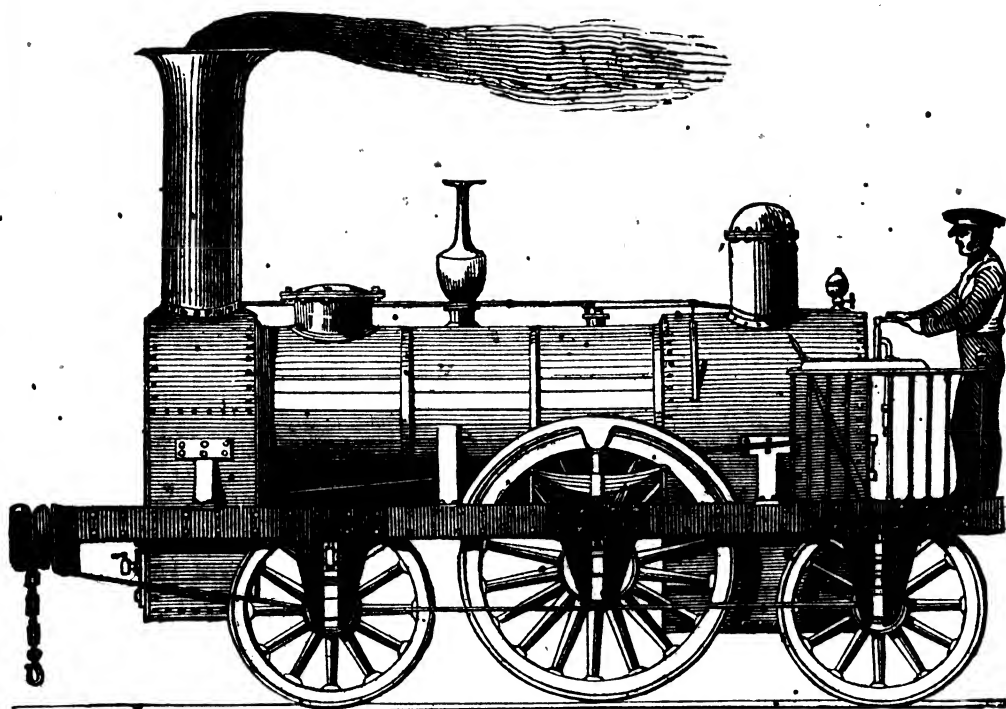
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KEYS'S EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE

RAILWAY SONGSTER:

*A Companion for the Rail, the Road, and the Steam Boat; the Tourist for Pleasure,
and the Man of Business; and calculated to beguile pleasantly
the leisure hours of all.*



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My Nannie, O
Sally in our alley

THE RAILWAY SONGSTER.

Man the Life Boat.

MAN the life boat, man the life boat!
Help, or yon ship is lost!
Man the life boat, man the life boat!
See how she's tempest-tost:
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;
Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks her watery grave.

Man the life boat, man the life boat!
See the dread signal flies.
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despering shouts arise;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
Amid the tempest wild,
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child.

Man the life boat, man the life boat!
Now ply the oars amain,
Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,
Or all will yet be in vain!
Life-saving ark, yon-doomed bark,
Immortal souls doth bear;
Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men—brave men are there!

Speed the life boat, speed the life boat!
Oh, God! their efforts crown;
She dashes on, the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down!
Ah, see the crew are struggling now,
Amid the billows' roar;
There in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah! they've gained the shore.

The Fast Man.

AIR.—“The Dustman.”

SOME folks may talk of sense, egad,
Who holds a snobbish station,
But I'm a gent, and so have had
A slap-up education.
My teaching always was first-rate,
I'm sure my manners show it;
I rather think I'm “up to snuff,”
And well know how to “go it.”

They call me “that snob Phipps,” 'tis clear,
Who are for fun the last man,
But by a coincidence queer,
Why I'm the first of fast men.

Small is the rim all round my hat,
And collar on my coat, sirs,
And narrow too, but that's to show
The blue is round my throat, sirs.
I always carry a short stick,
In fine or rainy weather,
My short dress-boots are quite the kick,
Of cheaply varnished leather.

They call me, &c.

At Jullien's or Laurent's 'tis I
Kicks up the greatest riot;
I hate the muffs who hither go
Just only to keep quiet.
A cheap cigar I name a weed,
I love a jolly row, sirs,
A dinner I must call “a feed,”
And patronise check trousers.

They call me, &c.

A little drink gets in my head,
And glasses then I may break,
I never like to go to bed,
But always seek the day break.
At “cribs” and “finishes” I sup,
And though they think it snobby,
Still that's what I call flaring up,
To come it rather nobby.

They call me, &c.

The Green, Green Moss.

AIR.—“The Ivy Green.”

A DELICATE thing is the green, green
moss,
That clings to the crumbling wall—
Its mother's the damp from the cold, cold
earth—

The air we its sire may call—
For 'tis fed by the breeze with the tiny dust;
And drinks of the eve's soft tears—
And daintily spreads forth its emerald crust
O'er the stone that had nursed it for years.
And living on the rich man's loss,
A tale is told by the green, green moss.
And living, &c.

It creeps o'er the tombs of the bold and brave,
That crumble to dust alone—

And spreadeth a shroud o'er the poor man's grave,
Which not e'en a friend will own,

silently telleth how pride decays,
And how vain that pride has been ;
And the mouldering towers of ancient days,
It loveth to mantle in green.

Glorying in the rich man's loss,
A tale is told by the green, green moss.
Glorying, &c.

A carpet is spread o'er the marshy bed,
Where forests embedded rest,
And nimbly it raises its delicate head,
From the mouldering princely crest ;
And the fair green moss on the old church spire

Tells how bright a life may be !—
When age rings the curfew to quench youth's fire,

If the heart from the guilt be free ;—
Rising on the ruined loss,
How true a tale tells the green, green moss.
Rising, &c.

Jeannette's farewell to Jeannot.

YOU are going far away, far away from
poor Jeannette,

There is no one left to love me now, and
you too may forget ;

But my heart will still be with you, wherever
you may go—

Can you look me in the face, and say the
same Jeannot ?

When you wear the jacket red, and the
beautiful cockade,

I fear that you will then forget the promises
you've made ;

With your gun upon your shoulder, and a
bayonet by your side,

You'll be taking some proud lady and be
making her your bride.

When glory leads the way, you'll be madly
rushing on,

Never thinking, if they kill you, that my
happiness is gone :

Should you win the day, perhaps a general
you'll be,

Though I shall be proud to hear it, what
will become of me ?

Oh ! were I queen of France, or, what's
better, Pope of Rome,

I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping
maids at home ;

All the world should be at peace, and should
kings assert their right,
I'd have those who make the quarrel, be the
only men that fight.

Jeannot and Jeannette.

CHEER up, cheer up, my own Jeannette,
though far away I go,
In all the changes I may see, I'll be the
same Jeannot ;

And if I win both fame and gold,—ah ! be
not so unkind,

To think I could forget you in the home I
leave behind.

There's not a lady in the land, and if she
were a queen,

Could win my heart from you Jeannette so,
true as you have been.

They must have gallant warriors ;—chance
hath cast the lot on me,

But mind you this, the soldier, love, shall
no deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began, the surest
road to fame

Has been the battle-field, where men un-
known might win themselves a name ;

And well I know the brightest eyes have
ever brighter shone,

When looking at some warrior bold returned
from battles won ;

And you would put an end to deeds which
ladies love so well,

And have no tales of valour left for history
to tell ;

The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette,
then rail no more,

Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd be
an end of war.

Oh ! bless dat lubly Yaller Gal.

OH ! bless dat lubly yaller gal,
Dat some folks call Miss Dinah ;

Oh ! pity me ye niggars all,
An' tell me whar I can find her.

Oh ! now she's gone an' left me,
For fear dat I might harm her ;

To-day, arter to morrow,
She's gone to Alabama.

Her hair is like de shining silk,
She's fat an' round as 'rorus ;

She feeds upon good mush an' milk,
An' morus multicornus.

Oh ! now she's gone an' left me,
My heart is filled wid sorrow ;

I'll find some oder yaller gal,
An' I'll marry her to-morrow.

The Daughter of Israel.

A DAUGHTER of Israel sat by a stream,
And the water's roll'd murmuring by;
Like the shadows that flit o'er the soul in a dream;

Or the storm clouds that darken the sky.
The clear light that shone in her mild beam-
ing eye,

Proclaim'd her as one of the free;
And these were the words that she breathed
with a sigh,

"I weep land of Judah for thee,"

The thunder roar'd loud, but she heeded not
that,

She thought on the land of the brave;
And still by the waters she mournfully sat,

Till the stream billowed high in a wave;
And as she departed, this, this was her lay,

"Farewell to the land of the free;
No longer thy children the timbrel shall play,
I weep, land of Judah, for thee!"

The Steam Cigar.

A SONG I'll sing, a regular joker,
Of a man, a terrible smoker;

He smoked away from night till morn,
'Tis said, he smoked as soon as born.

Ri too ral, &c.

He tried Havannah, Cuba too,

He tried tobacco, none would do;

To please him none of them did seem,
So he had a cigar to smoke by steam.

Ri too ral, &c.

He lit his cigar, and he puffed the smoke

With such force, that it a window broke;

And then the heat, it was so strong,
He burnt the folks as he walked along.

Ri too ral, &c.

It burnt away to his heart's desire:

Some people thought the world on fire;

And if he went out when it chanced to rain,
His lighted cigar dried it up again.

Ri too ral, &c.

When into a room his nose he pokes,

The all cry out "The chimney smokes!"

And then his cigar makes such a smell,
That the people declare it's just like —!

'Tis said in London, — and this is no joke, —

'Tis he that makes us in such a smoke;

When of a night he's seen from afar,

He's taken by all for the evening star.

Ri too ral, &c.

One day, when on the Monument top,
Folks thought him a comet, just going to
drop,

And some saw from afar the sight,

And thought it was the heaven's alight.

Ri too ral, &c.

He smoked away to his heart's desire,

Till death appeared and quenched his fire:

He put out his cigar for a bit of a lark,

And then at once extinguished the spark.

Ri too ral, &c.

I first loved thee.

A S steals the dew along the flow'r,

So stole thy smile on me;

I cannot tell the day nor hour,

I first, I first loved thee!

But now, in every scene and clime,

In change of grief or glee,

I only measure from the time

I first, I first loved thee!

I only measure, &c.

The wide world has one only spot,

Where I would wish, would wish to be;

Where all the rest of life forgot,

I first, I first loved thee!

But now, in ev'ry scene and clime,

In change of grief or glee,

I only measure from the time

I first, I first loved thee!

I only measure, &c.

Bold Jack, the sailor, here I come.

BOLD Jack, the sailor, here I come,

Pray how d'ye like my nib;

My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,

My nab, and flowing jib?

I sail the seas from end to end,

And leads a joyous life:

In every mess I find a friend,

In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,

Of grief, and such like fun,

I've constant been to ten, cried I,

But never grieved for one.

The flowing sails we tars unbend,

To lead a jovial life:

In every mess to find a friend,

In every port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,

A pigmy at Goree,

An orange-tawny up the Straits,

A black at St. Lucie.

Thus whosoever course I bend,
 I leads a jovial life :
 In every mess I find a friend,
 In every port a wife.
 Will Gaff, by death, was ta'en aback,
 I came to bring the news ;
 Poll whimpered sore,—but what did Jack?—
 Why, stood in William's shoes.
 She cut, I cashed, but in the end
 She loved me as her life ;
 And so she got an honest friend,
 And I, a loving wife.
 Thus he we sailors all the go,
 On fortune's sea we rub ;
 We work, and love, and fight the foe,
 And drinks the generous bub :
 Storms that the mast to splinters rend,
 Can't shake our jovial life :
 In every mess we find a friend,
 In every port a wife.

Nancy of Bristol.

FAREWELL, my dearest Nancy,
 Since I to the seas must go :
 If the wind should blow hard, my boys,
 As God will have it so.
 The fishes in the ocean
 Shall my companions be,
 Since so being is a pleasure,—
 None has my heart but thee.

Our goodly ship lay beating
 All on the English shore :
 We hoisted up our top-sails,
 As we have done before.
 We weighed our anchor briskly, boys,
 Then we set sail for sea :
 Our goodly ship she ran aground,—
 Sweet girl! I thought on thee.

Our goodly ship lay beating
 All on the English shore :
 We put into Cork harbour,
 And stayed a month, or more.
 The wind it did blow hard, my boys,
 All things ran cross with me :
 Whene'er I put my foot on shore,
 Sweet Girl! I thought on thee.

So fare you well, Cork harbour,
 For Gibraltar sailed we,
 From thence unto New York,
 From thence unto Virginia.
 Where there were fine towns and places,
 And pretty girls, I see :
 But of all the women in the world,
 There's none I love but thee.

So fare you well, Virginia,
 'Tis you I leave behind ;
 And steer my course to Bristol,
 Some comfort for to find.
 Though love and despair,
 While she sat on my knee ;
 But of all the women in the world,
 None has my heart but she.

Home of Childhood.

HOME of childhood! tho' I leave thee,
 Thoughts of thee will haunt me still,
 Scene of former peace and pleasure,
 Thou'lt be dear, roam where I will.
 I shall see thy wild woods waving,
 Tread thy verdant vale once more ;
 All that binds my heart unto thee,
 Mem'ry can and will restore.

Home of childhood, &c.

Still sweet spot I linger near thee,
 Tracing ev'ry path I lov'd,
 When in life's glad rosy morning,
 Full of hope and joy I rov'd.
 Now farewell, wild wood and valley,
 All that first my fancy knew ;
 Home of childhood! thus I bless thee,
 Take with tears my last adieu.

Home of childhood, &c.

The Gipsy Child.

HE grows like the young oak, healthy
 and broad,
 With no home but the forest, no bed but
 the sward ;
 Half naked he wades in the limpid stream,
 Or dances about in the scorching beam.
 The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen,
 Hath never fall'n on him I ween ;
 But the fragrant are spread, and the wood
 fire pil'd,
 And sweet is the meal of the Gipsy Child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire
 His raven air and his eyes of fire ;
 They mark his cheeks' rich tawny hue
 With the deep carnation flushing thro'.
 He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
 All pure and white as their own pearl wreath ;
 But the courtly dame, and the maiden mild,
 Will turn to gaze on the Gipsy Child.

Up with the sun he is roving along,
 Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song ;
 He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
 And is baying again to the watch-dog's
 howl.

His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold;
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold,
His dower is scant, and his life is wild;
But kings might envy the Gipsy Child.

The Sailor Boy.

I WILL think of my love in the moon-
light,
And my love will think of me,
And I'll wait him a sigh on the light breeze,
And he'll breathe one to hear'n for me.
Dear to me is the sailor boy,
His pride I have promised to be;
And he's gone far away on the dark blue
To seek a rare gift for me. [sea

He said he would bring me a casket of gold,
And pearls to deck my hair;
But his heart is the only treasure I prize,
His love is the gem I will wear.
Then speed to the swelling sail,
As it bounds o'er the dancing wave;
And blessings attend on the little bark
That brings home my sailor brave.

I must come out next Spring, Mama.

I MUST come out next spring, mama,
I must come out next spring, mama:
To keep me longer at the school
Would be a cruel thing.
I'm just the age of Patty Page,
Who left us last half-year;
And Emma Knight, that horrid fright,
Does not come back, I hear.

I must come out, &c.

Last Easter Ball, Matilda Hall
By many a beau was seen;
And it will be Epiphany
Before she is sixteen.
I've measured oft with Carry Croft,
Who's full two inches shorter;
And though 'tis known she's not full grown;
She leaves the present quarter.

I must come out, &c.

To-day I ween, I am sixteen—
Mama, you know 'tis true;
By all I'm told I'm much too old
For marching two and two.
These colour'd frocks—It really shocks
So tall a girl to wear,
I will not go to Pimlico
Again, I do declare!

I must come out, &c.

We walk a mile in double file,
Some twenty couples deep;
The coaches they to us give way
Just like a flock of sheep.
At six we rise with half-shut eyes,
At two o'clock we dine;
Warm water mixed with milk at six,
And go to bed at nine!

I must come out, &c.

'Tis true I learn of Oscar Byrne
The waltz and galop, too;
Yet what the deuce can be the use
Of dancing as I do?
My constant bean is Miss Prevost,
'Tis time I should demur;
We've danced till she is sick of me
And I am sick of her!

I must come out, &c.

No more with bread and butter fed;
I'll burn my pinafore;
I'll leave off cake, and cease to make
A curtsy at the door.
Mama, indeed there is no need
To tease me longer so;
You cannot see a girl like me
Go back to Pimlico!

I will come out, &c.

Come o'er the Sea.

BRIGHTLY the moon, love,
Gleams o'er the sea;
O'er the Lagoon, love,
Come, come with me;
Far from the world o'er the waters we'll
roam,
Seeking delight on some green island home;
Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Fear not the storm, love,

Heed not the wave!

Hope's star shall light us—
Tempests to brave.

While in each other's fond looks we repose,
Love, tranquil seas, and soft winds shall
disclose.

Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Life's out a breath, love,

Fortunes may change!

Ne'er can our hearts, love,

Their truth estrange,

Closer we'll cling from dark sorrows and
Nestling like birds when the tempest is near.
Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,
And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Wake from thy slumbers,
Wake, love, awake;
Haste o'er the waters,
Ere morning break.
Night and the moonbeams invite us to flee,
O'er the glad waters, O fly, love, with me.
Then, come, love, come to some sun-bright
isle,
Where peace and pleasure ever smile.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth;
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that never rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises;
Oh! my Nora Creina dear;
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina;
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases;
Yes, my Nora Creina dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina;
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd:
But, when its points are gleaming round
us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace, whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses;
Oh! my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina;
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

The Death of Wolfe.

RECITATIVE

SHADES of Britannia's sons who sleep
In hallowed earth!—or in the deep!
Spirits of patriots dead—who fell—
Inspire me—while a hero's fate I tell.

AIR.
The martial strife is heard once more,
Again the din of war now reigns,
On that far-famed Columbian shore,
Where blood o'erflowed Canadian plains.
Wolfe, dauntless Wolfe, who boldly led
Of gallant chiefs a patriot band,
And in the arms of victory bled
For 'Freedom and his native land!'
The foe did thrice his force display;
Yet thrice was conquered on that day.
No father o'er his children loved,
No children more revered sire,
Beyond what Briton's hero proved,
Mid Gallia's fierce, unceasing fire;
His shattered leg he calmly binds,
While cheerily 'Onward!' was his cry—
A second shot his heart now finds,
And victory mourns that Wolfe must die;
Then raise to him the patriot lay,
In victory's arms who fell that day.

The Three Flies.

THERE were three flies once on a time,
Resolved to travel and change their
clime,
For neither cared for father or mother,
For uncle, nor aunt, nor sister, nor brother.
The first was a yellow one, the second was
a blue,
And the third was a green one to the view:
So off they set with merry hum,
And told their parents to kiss their bum.

CHORUS.

But they too saucy were by half—
I can't sing if you do laugh;
So shut your mouth and list to me,
Tiddle, tiddle lol, and tiddle tiddle lee,
And take a lesson from a fly.
Don't give away to lux-u-ry.

They had not got far when the yellow one
cries—
'Look down, my boys, a dinner I spies.'
But the blue-bottle answered—'Upon my
word
I sees nothing but a large cow—.'

'A cow——, well, there's good in that,
I'm sure it looks monstrous fat;
And I wish as how I may go to Davy,
If I don't have some of the rich gravy,
But the others too dainty were by half—
I can't sing, &c.

Away then flew the other two,
Jacky Green and Tommy Blue;
They flew on fast and did not stop
Till they came opposite a butcher's shop.
'Oh! oh!' says the blue-bottle, 'here's a
treat,
I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat,'
'Said it' other,' says he; 'then off I go,
For I don't care for meat you know;
But he too dainty was by half—
I can't sing, &c.

Far off then by himself he flow'd,
And into a grocer's shop he goed,
And there he play'd some saucy rigs,
For he danced among the sugar, the plums,
and figs;

The day being hot, he took a whim,
And thought in some treacle he should like
to swim;

So, without considering consequences, in he
goes,
And didn't stop to take of his clothes:
But the treacle he found was too thick by
half—
I can't sing, &c.

The other two pass'd by the door,
And heard a voice they heard before;
So nearer to the sound they got,
Till they lighted on the treacle pot.
There they saw him almost dead,
And thus to him the blue-bottle said—
'Oh! Greeny, all your powers can't save ye,
You'd better have had our beef and gravy,
But you too dainty were by half—
I can't sing, &c.

Now all young men inclined to roam,
Take my advice and stay at home;
And be your fortune dry or wet,
Be content with what you get;
And 'bout trifles make no fuss,
Farther on you may fare worse;
And mayhap when a great way off you've
got,
Like that poor fly you'll go to pot,
For he too dainty was by half—
I can't sing, &c.

Fly not yet.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight
flower,

That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon:
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay—oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain;
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade;
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's hearts and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay—oh! stay—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

Ocean! great Washerwoman.

OCEAN! great washerwoman of the
world,
When, like a sleeping snake, thy tail is
curled—
In comfort our sails may be unfurl'd;
But when you're roused, and storms begin
to breed,
Then, ocean! I am very sick indeed.

MEDLEY.

"De Boatman Dance."

The sun go down,
Up come de moon,
The wender gentle, just like spring—
Dere's a ship afloat,
And she's got a boat:
Oh me, fader! dere's a ting,
Row, my boatmen, row,
My boatmen dis way row—
Row dis night
Wid all your might,
And we'll all be aboard by de morning,
Dis way de boatmen row;
And as they row I hear them sing
Joy—joy—I see them now—
Oh! de boatman up to eb'ry ting.

"Clar De Kitchen."

When first Sir B.
Proposed to me;
I tink it mighty fine to wed;
But when de wind
Begin to blow
I wish myself back into my bed.
For what wid storm and sailor boys,
I nebber did hear such a noise—
Clar de decks, there, old folk, young folk,
Clar de decks, then, old folk, young folk.

"Oh! Mr. Moon, you come too soon."

Oh! pretty moon, shine bright and soon,
That we may get home by to-morrow after-
noon—
You Hubby dear, too—come back soon,
And we shall get home by to-morrow after-
noon.

Ching, &c.

While Pensive.

WHILE pensive I thought on my love,
The moon on the mountain was
bright;
And Philomel, down in the grove,
Broke sweetly the silence of night.
Oh, I wished that the tear-drop would flow;
But I felt too much anguish to weep;
Till, worn by the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.
Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
"Alas! we must never meet more;
Yes, yes, my beloved, we must part!
The steel of my rival was true:
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervour for you."

Poor Joe the Marine.

POOOR Joe, the marine, was at Ports-
mouth well known,
No lad in the corps dressed so smart;
The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a
frown,
His manliness won ev'ry heart.
Sweet Polly of Portsea he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay, marched to church side by
side,
As Polly and Joe the marine.
As Polly and Joe, &c.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a
blaze,

When thund'ring drums they heard rattle,
And Joe in a moment was forced to the seas,
To give a bold enemy battle.

The action was dreadful, each ship a mere
wreck,

Such slaughter few sailors have seen,
For two hundred brave fellows lay strowed
on the deck,

And amongst them poor Joe the marine.
And amongst them, &c.

But victory faithful to true British tars,
At length put an end to the fight,
And homeward we steered full of glory and
scare.

And soon had famed Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded the heroes to
greet,

And sweet Polly there foremost was seen;
And the very first sailor she chanced there
to meet,

Told the fate of poor Joe the marine,
Told the fate, &c.

The shock was severe, swift as lightning's
forked dart,

Her poor head with wild frenzy fired;
She rushed from the crowd, cried "alas my
poor heart."

Clasped her hands, faintly sighed, and
expired.

Her body was laid 'neath the wide-spreading
yew,

And on a smooth stone may be seen;
"One tear then let fall all ye lovers so true,
On sweet Polly and Joe the marine."

On sweet Polly, &c.

Thou art gone from my gaze.

THOU art gone from my gaze like a
beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by meadow and
stream;

Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds
floating by;
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's
love sigh.

In the stillness of night, when the stars
mildly shine,

My heart fondly holds a communion with
thine;

For I feel thou art near, and where'er I
may be,

That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over
me.

Of the birds in thy bow'r now companions I
make;
Ev'ry simple wild-flower do I prize for thy
sake;
The deep woods and dark wilds now, a plea-
sure impart,
For their solitude suits my sad sorrow worn
heart.

Why are you wandering here I pray?

WHY are you wandering here, I pray?
An old man asked a maid one day,
Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
Father, said she, I'm bither led.

Fie, fie! she heard him cry,
Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,
Grow in the field and not in the grove,
Not in the grove—not in the grove,
Grow in the field and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,
Why are you wandering here, fair maid?
The nightingale's song so sweet and clear,
Father, said she, I come to hear—

Fie, fie! she heard him cry,
Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,
Grow in the field and not in the grove,
Not in the grove—not in the grove;
Grow in the field and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,
Why are you loitering here, fair maid?
The nightingale's song so sweet and clear,
Father, said she, I'm come to hear—

Fie, fie! she heard him cry,
Nightingale's all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day,
—Warble by night, warble by night,
Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage look'd grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jump'd o'er the stile hard by,
The sage look'd graver, and the maid more
glum,

Lubin he twirl'd his finger and thumb.
Fie, fie! was the old man's cry,
Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingale's songs beware,

Such nightingale's songs, such nightin-
gale's songs,
And of such nightingale's songs beware.

The Red Cross Knight.

BLOW, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high;
For the Christians have fought in the Holy
land,
And have won the victory.

Loud the warder blew his horn,
And the banner waved on high—
Let the mass be sung,
And the bells be rung,
And the feast eat it merrily.

The warder look'd from the tower on high,
As far as he could see—

"I see a bold knight, and by his red cross
He comes from the east country."

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And called till he was hoarse—

"I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross."

Then down the lord of the castle came
The Red Cross Knight to meet,

And when the Red Cross Knight he spied
Right loving he did him greet.

Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross
Knight,

For thy fame's well known to me,
And the mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,

And we'll feast right merrily.

The Old Clock.

CLOCK of the household! the sound of
thy bell

Tells the hour, and to many 'tis all thou
can'st tell;

But to me thou can'st preach with the tongue
of a sage,

And whisper old tales from life's earliest
page.

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bound-
ing times,

When thy midnight stroke choruss'd the
loud carol chimes;

When our christmas was noted for festival
mirth,

And the merry new-year had a boisterous
birth.

Thou hast broke on my hear thro' the dead
of the night.

Till my spirit, out-wearied, has prayed for
the light;

When thy echoing tone, and a mother's
faint breath,

Seem'd the sepulchre tidings that whisper'd
of death!

I have listen'd to thee when my own pil-
low'd brow

Was wild in its throbbing, and deep in its
glow;

When the madness of fever, and anguish of
pain,

Left a doubt if I ever should hear thee again!

Thou hast always been nigh, thou hast look'd
upon all,
On the birth, on the bridal, the cradle, and
pall:
To the infant at play, and the sire turning gray,
Thou hast spoken the warning of passing
away!
My race may be run when thy musical
chime
Will be still ringing out in the service of
time;
And the clock of the household will shine
in the room, {tomb!
When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the

The Tar for all weather.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the
breeze,

She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore;
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the cut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind began for so to alter,
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
"Helm-a-weather," the hoarse boatswain
cries;
"Brace the foresail athwart; see she qui-
vers,
As through the rough tempest she flies."
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor fellows and I,
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Hand-
sail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi!
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck,

Well, what would you have? we were
stranded,

And, out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I; and I think twenty-two.

But sailors, &c.
After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind;
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind.

But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station.
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

Oh! May is the Month for me.

TIS May, 'tis May, the fair, the bright!
The skies are clear, the winds are
light;

O'er hill and dale the flow'rets spring.
And ring-doves coo, and wild birds sing;
While every heart beats high with glee,
Oh! May's the merry month for me.

She comes like hope, with smiling ray,
And syren-voice to charm our way;
And all her verdant garments wear
The promised offspring of the year;
No month so fair, no month so free—
Oh! May's the merry month for me.

The old men dance, the old wives sing,
And hail with joy the coming Spring;
And amorous swains, and tender maids,
In pairs retreat to woodland shades;
Where love goes hand in hand with glee,—
Oh! May's the merry month for me.

Can I forget those silent tears.

CAN I forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee,
And all the pangs, doubts, and fears,
Which scattered o'er my bloom of years,
The blights of misery!
I never close my languid eyes,
Unless to dream of thee,
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry,
Of lasting misery.

The Maid I adore.

HOW soft is the transport of love,
When beauty enkindles the fire;
How charming each moment does prove
In the presence of her we admire.

Not the lark that salutes the new day
More delight, or more joy can impart,
Than the lover who chanceth to stray
With the maid he adores with his heart.

Than the lover, &c.
His eyes a pure brightness disclose,
O'er his cheeks sweet contentment is spread
Whose bloom's scarce excelled by the rose,
Which inherits its virtues when dead;
The stream, when it loiters in ease,
Increases his eloquent powers;
For what can a lover displease
In the presence of her he adores?

For what, &c.

Rose and the Lily.

THE rose and the lily, their beauty combin-
ing,

Delight in adorning a form so divine:
Such charms to a peasant consigning,
Ah! must I resign?

Forbid it ye powers! to love 'tis a treason:
Yet ambition, assuming the semblance of
reason,

Commands me with scorn the mean thought
Wealth and power what are your worth
To pleasure if you give not birth?

Rich in ambition's gilded toys,
I barter them for real joys.

I ne'er shall forget the sad moments we parted.

OH! I ne'er shall forget the sad moments
we parted,

'Twas a moment o'erflowing with pleasure
and pain;

When I kissed off the tear from her eye-lid
that started,

And whispered the hope of our meeting
again

In vain I tried my pain to hide,
When from your arms I burst away;

At honor's call, far, far from all,
Those smiles of love oft cheered my way.

Oh! how oft have I gazed on the moon-
beams, when stealing

Along the dark waves of a far distant sea;
Oh! it wakened my heart with the tenderest
feeling,

To think that those moon-beams were
smiling on thee;

And then my heart would anxious start,
As fancy filled the swelling sail,

Which bore me to sweet love and you,
Within my native woodland vale.

The Cavalier.

'T'WAS a beautiful night, the stars shone
bright,

And the moon o'er the waters play'd
When a Cavalier to a bower drew near;

A Lady to serenade.
To tend'rest words he swept the chords,

And many a sigh breath'd he!
While o'er and o'er he fondly swore.

"Sweet maid! I love but thee,
Sweet maid! sweet maid! sweet maid, I
love but thee;

Sweet maid! sweet maid! sweet maid, I
love but thee.

He rais'd his eye to her lattice high,
While he softly breath'd his hopes,

With amazement, he sees swing about with
the breeze,

All-ready, a ladder of ropes!
Up, up he has gone, the bird is flown!

"What is this on the ground?" quoth
he—

"Oh its plain that she loves, here's some
gentleman's gloves,

She's off;—and its not with me."
For these gloves, these gloves, they never

belong'd to me.
For these gloves, these gloves, they never

belong'd to me.

Of course, you'd have thought he'd have
follow'd and fought,

As that was a "duelling age,"
But, this gay Cavalier he quite scorn'd the
idea

Of putting himself in a rage.
More wise by far, he put up his guitar;

And as homeward he went, sung he,
"When a lady elopes—down a ladder of
ropes—

She may go to Hong Kong, for me—"
She may go, she may go, she may go to
Hong Kong, for me—

She may go, she may go, she may go to
Hong Kong, for me—

She may go, she may go, she may go to
Hong Kong, for me.

Black Ey'd Susannah.

I'VE been to the East, I've been to the
West,

I've been to Indiana,
There is no one there, or any where,

Like my charming Susannah.

CHORUS,

For she is black—that is a fact,
For she is black—that is a fact.

Spoken.—How do you know she was black ?
why—

I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
I've been to ole Carolina,
Of all the gals that I lub best,
Is my black ey'd Susiannah.

I once did love a pretty gal,
A gal they called Miss Dinah,
She lives away down in the south,
Right down in ole Carolina.

I wrote a letter to my lub,
It was down in ole Carolina,
And ebery word that I did write,
Was my charming Susiannah.

There was a gal in New Orleans,
Her name was Miss Dinah,
She stole dis niggers heart away,
Right down in Alabama.

Broken hearted, den I feel,
I was shocked in such a manner,
I could not play the good old tune,
Till I married—Susiannah.

The Girl of my heart.

THE girl of my heart, like the pure blush
of morning,

E'er a cloud' bath presum'd on its beau-
teous clear sky,

She beam'd upon mortals—refreshing—
adoring,

This earth with a brilliancy caught from
high.

Of hearts the adored one—whilst virtue
possessing,

Her smile gave distinction—her favours
were fame ;

The pride of creation—its joy & its blessing,
'Twas woman in innocence—praise to the
name !

The girl of my heart—ah ! must shame
write her story ?

One false step to darkness consigns her
alone ;

Cast down like the first sinning angel from
glory,

Of our sex the pity—the scorn of her own.
No hope of remission to her fault is given,

The snow's sullied whiteness tears may
not recall ;

She wanders, the outcast of earth and of
heaven,

'Tis woman degraded—ah ! weep for her
fall.

There's a good time coming, boys !

THERE'S a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—

We may not live to see the day,

But earth shall glisten in the ray,

Of the good time coming.

Cannon balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger—

We'll win our battle by its aid—

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—

The pen shall supersede the sword,

And right, not might, shall be the lord,

In the good time coming.

Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,

And be acknowledged stronger—

The proper impulse has been given—

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—

And a poor man's family

Shall not be his misery.

In the good time coming.

Every child shall be a help

To make his right arm stronger ;

The happier he, the more he has—

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—

Little children shall not toil

Under or above the soil.

In the good time coming.

But shall play in healthful field,

Till limbs and mind grow stronger—

And every one shall read and write—

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—

Let us aid it all we can,

Every woman, every man,

The good time coming.

Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day—
 Wait a little longer.
 There's a good time, &c.

Song of the Bacchanals.

COME, fill up the goblet—though sages
 of old
 Brimmed the red wine of Crete in pure gob-
 lets of gold;
 We'll adopt a new plan, and our cup shall,
 to win,
 Take its value without from the liquor
 within.
 Ere we leave for a moment the joys that it
 brings,
 Time shall moult every feather from off
 of its wings;
 And our toast shall be, this inclination to
 sway,—
 'He who drinks till to-morrow drowns care
 for to day!'

The emperor sits on his canopied throne,
 And commands this or that to be done or
 undone;
 While wrapt in his robes, 'mid his jewels so
 rare,
 No mortal, he fancies, with him can com-
 pare:
 But we much better know, as we sit round
 the bowl,
 And quaff the bright current that gladdens
 the soul;
 That draughts, such as these, will to fancy
 add wings,
 And in one hour more make each one of us
 kings.

The sage ponders over the vast things of
 earth,
 And wonders what power to all these gave
 birth;
 He peers through his glass at the star-
 spangled sky,
 And pours o'er his book with inquisitive eye;
 But his trouble is vain, for he knows less
 than we,
 Who could fathom, by drinking, the depths
 of the sea;
 For if he'd examine pale Luna's bright hue,
 He would drink with us, lads, and then
 would see too!

The lover delights in soft accents and sighs,
 And fond homage pays to his mistress's eyes;

But excuse him we might if they sparkled
 as clear,
 Or equalled in lustre the brilliancy here.
 Then fill up the goblet, for Time's feathered
 wings
 Should be damped from the source whence
 forgetfulness springs;
 And with this for our maxim, all toppers we
 sway—
 'He who drinks till to-morrow drowns care
 for day!'

The Token.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
 Each breaker hushed, the shore a haze,
 When Jack no more on duty call'd,
 His true-love's tokens overhaul'd:
 The broken gold, the braided hair,
 The tender motto writ so fair,
 Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
 Nancy the poet, love the muse:
 "If you love I as I love you,
 No pair so happy as we too."

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
 Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
 That tars for sharks had given a feast,
 And left the ship a hulk—had ceased;
 When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
 He shared the grog their hearts to cheer;
 Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
 And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
 "If you love I," &c.

The battle—that with horror grim,
 Had madly ravaged life and limb,
 Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
 And widow'd many a wife—was o'er;
 When Jack, to his companions dear,
 First paid the tribute of a tear;
 Then as his 'bacco-box he held,
 Restored his comfort as he spell'd
 "If you love I," &c.

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
 But that had yielded full reward;
 That brought each sailor to his friend,
 Happy and rich—was at an end;
 When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
 Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
 He then his 'bacco-box display'd,
 And cried, and seized the willing maid,
 "If you love I," &c.

The homes of England.

THE stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land;
 The deer across the green sward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam;
 And the swan glides past them with the
 Of some rejoicing stream. [sound
 The merry homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light;
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old!
 The free, fair homes of England,
 Long, long in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared,
 To guard each hallowed wall;
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God!

Shout for the merry Gipsy Band.

LIST to the lay of a gipsy band,
 Merrily roaming from land to land,
 Free as the lark's fleet wings above,
 Fearing no hate, nor courting love,
 We borrow from all, yet none we owe,
 Laughing at law where'er we go—
 The fattest deer in park or wood,
 Of knight, or peer, supplies us food.
 Our drink's the best, though contraband,
 Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The townsman may boast that three homes
 hath he,

But we have a hundred, all rent free;
 Nothing we pay for coals or clothes,
 Yet we have a fire where hedgewood grows.
 The rich man's larder hath not better fare,
 Dainties of brook, of earth, and air—
 In our abodes we do not writhe
 Beneath a load of tax or tithe.
 No care in head, no coin in hand,
 Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The wealthy may boast of their stately halls,
 Streaming light from pictured walls,
 Of moulded ceilings, gilded domes,
 Flower'd carpets o'er their rooms—

But we are rich as they below (aloof)
 The grass our floor, the sky our roof.

The bonny rays of yonder moon
 Can match the blaze of their gay saloon.
 We have healthier cheeks, although they're
 tanned,

Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

Werry ridiculous!

YOU'VE heard Mr. Nicholas say of his
 Julia,
 There was *summut* about her so very pekolliar,
 But I wish, being now in the answering way,
 To his feature I might a like compliment
 pay;
 He was short and snub-nos'd, and a *himpe-*
rent fellow,
 And his teeth, as the glove on his hand, was
 as yellow;
 When he grinn'd, what a bull-and-mouth
 jaw had young Nicholas!
 Not only disgusting, but werry ridiculous.
 Not only, &c.

He tells you the fact, how we met at a ball,
 And he was my partner, or have none at all:
 But lauks! I was hurt at his being polite,
 He thought me an angel, I thought him a
 fright,
 If I lisp'd him a question,—now was't it
 shocking
 He lisp'd me an answer as if he were mock-
 ing!

I blush'd—and he thought it was love, did
 young Nicholas;
 'Twas but at his dancing, so werry ridicu-
 lous. 'Twas but, &c.

Ye gods! only judge of my woe, when to
 dance,

He, bowing and scraping, one night did ad-
 vance,

With "*woulez vous danser?*"—by which
 he did mean,

"*Will you be my partner?*"—Oh! judge
 of the scene!

The wretch had approached me—it really
 was shocking—

In black tights that ended in white cotton
 stockings,

My heart was too hurt to reprove Mr. Ni-
 cholas,

Though his conduct, you'll own, was mast
 monstrous ridiculous!

Though his conduct, &c.

I rose from my seat, and bade him depart,
 With a look that ought soon to have broken
 his heart;

But still he persisted, and said, "Ah, pro-
 voker!"

You don't mean to dance with young Balls,
 the pawnbroker?"

"I've pledged myself to him," said I, "for
 the night,

He capers in nankeens and stockings of
 white;

While you—Oh! disgusting!—Away, Mr. Nicholas!

Your magpie-like legs are so werry ridiculous!"

Your magpie-like legs, &c.

I danc'd all the night, and I flirted my fan,
With young Mr. Balls, the dear delicate man;
As dancing I'm fond of, I think you'll agree,
A pawnbroker was the best partner for me.
So I've married, to make the wretch happy

I'm sure,
And we've dances, and—three balls right
over the door—

While pining and lipping, I've left Mr. Nicholas,

His horrid black breeches were far too ridiculous.

His horrid black breeches, &c.

The happy days gone by.

AIR.—"The merry days of old."

OH! the happy days, the days gone by,
When him I loved was near,

To breathe my vows of happiness,

In words to memory dear.

Or joining in the merry dance,

In joy the moments fly;

Oh! they indeed were happy days,

The happy days gone by!

But now, alas! I'm left alone

In solitude to pine,

Forsaken by the only one

Whose happiness was mine.

But memory will bring back the days

When joyous first we met;

Oh! those indeed were happy days,

My heart can ne'er forget.

The cross old Bachelor.

OF all the mischievous things in life,
Such a one may I ne'er catch, O lor!
For gossip, for chatter, for tumult, and strife,
As a stingy, stingy cross old bachelor.

Stingy, &c.

He pries into this, and he pries into that;
His will must be follow'd, his word
must be aw.

He snarls at the children, he kicks the tom
cat,

The spiteful, frightful, spiteful old bachelor!

Spiteful, frightful, &c.

To nice young men, who would early wed,
Prates he of trouble for lack of gold;
And calculates wedlock at so much per head,
And swears that wives do nought but

scold.

The stingy, spiteful, cross old bachelor.

The stingy, &c.

If I had my way, but poor women have not,
A scarecrow I'd make him, hung up in
the straw;

By all the old maids in the town to be shot,
The spiteful, frightful, spiteful old bachelor!

Of all the mischievous, &c.

Of all the exquisite things in this life,

Such a thing wouldn't I snatch, O lor!

A spinster to turn into a loving wife,

In a charming, charming, nice young bachelor!

Charming, &c.

He'd ask for a kiss, I'd not refuse that,

My way would I take, my word would be
law;

He'd nurse the dear children, he'd pet the
tom-cat

The charming, &c.

If a sweet young man now wishes to wed,

I don't think twenty a day too old:

He'll find with me he has nothing to dread,

For I really don't know how to scold.

A charming, &c.

He shall have his own way, which all husbands have not,

For woman's dominions I don't care a
straw;

He shall never repent if he'll alter his lot,

The charming, charming, nice young bachelor!

Charming, &c.

The China Man with his Monkey Nose.

IN China once there dwelt a great man,
His name was Chick-chack-tan-a-ran-tan,

His legs were long and his feet so small,

This Chinaman couldn't walk at all;

His servants used to carry him out

Upon their backs, and the folks would shout

"O lookee here comes!—oh, dere he goes,
The Chinaman with his monkey nose."

So chickara-choo-chi-cho-chut-la,

Chockolo, roonee, ning o ping nang,

Pagoder wa dusta canta kee,

Gunnee po hottie pi China coo!

This Chinaman had plenty of pelf,
 He liv'd in a mansion by himself;
 And next door was his servants' abode,
 Now was not that a singular mode?
 Two men he hired to carry him out,
 But they turn'd out to be robbers stout;
 He paid them well, and gave them clothes,
 The Chinaman with his monkey nose.
 So chickara, &c.

One day this Chinaman fell in love,
 And fancied, he said, Miss Teko Dove;
 So one of his servants carried him quick,
 The other bent forward with a stick;
 On a *two-legg'd horse* he look'd such a gill,
 They took him some miles and stop'd on a
 hill;

Then into a ditch the robber throws
 The Chinaman with his monkey nose.
 So chickara, &c.

Some China ladies then from the town,
 Ran up the hill, and roll'd him down,
 From top to bottom—they then began
 To tickle and play with the Chinaman.
 From him they most took all his breath,
 For they nearly kiss'd this man to death;
 At any rate, they all stopp'd his woes,
 The Chinaman with his monkey nose.
 So chickara, &c.

These Chinese ladies, so fine and gay,
 Resolv'd to carry him home next day;
 So safe at his house they reach'd once more,
 With all the ladies, and lock'd the door.
 The robbers plunder'd his house entire,
 Then set the ladies and him on fire;
 All in the house had a fire repose,
 The Chinaman and his monkey nose.
 So chickara, &c.

Joe and Bet.

Parody on "Jeannette and Jeannot."

YOU are going far away, far away from
 poor old Bet;
 There'll be no one left behind you, yet you
 will not forget;

But my heart will be with you, Joe, when
 on a different beat you go!
 Can you look me in the face, and say the
 same, old Joe?

When you wear the coat of blue, and the
 slap-up shiny tile,

You'll look just like a lobster, that hasn't
 had a boil;

With your truncheon in your pocket, and
 your cape hung by your side,

You'll be taking some young housemaid,
 and be making her your bride.

And when you goes on duty, you'll be madly
 rushing on,
 Never thinking, if you cook 'em, that their
 happiness is gone;
 And if you goes on well, perhaps a sergeant
 you may be,
 That is if you keep steady, and don't go on
 the spree.

But were I queen to-day, my will should be
 my own,
 I'd have no peelers walk abroad, or lushy
 swells from home:
 All the men should be in bed, and good
 wives assert their rights;
 And the men be kept well under, then all
 things would go right.

I like your speaking, Betty; but I under-
 stand my trade,
 Of feeling young swells' pockets, to see what
 can be made;
 Or place 'em on a stretcher, and bind each
 hand and knee;
 Or get up a case at Newgate, and get extra
 pay, d'yeese.

But as for girls, my dearest Bet, no other
 one's for Joe,
 For I recollect the bits of brown you gave
 me down below:
 So a kiss, my dearest Betty—let all your
 crying cease,
 For your Joe will be a stunner, while he's
 in the new police.

In happy moments.

IN happy moments, day by day,
 The sands of life may pass,
 In swift, but tranquil tide, away,
 From Time's unerring glass.

Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,
 Remembrance will recall,
 Whose pure and whose unfading beam
 Is dearer than they all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
 And hearts with fondness beat,
 Whose smile upon each feature plays,
 With truthfulness replete.

Some thoughts none others can replace,
 Remembrance will recall;
 Which, in the flight of years we trace,
 Is dearer than they all.

Sally in our story

My Nannie, O!

BEHIND you hills, where I was

Blow down, and across many
The wind and the day has closed
And I'll go to Nannie, O!
The western wind blows loud
And I'll go to Nannie, O!
The night's dark and rainy, O!
But I'll get my plain, no out I'll
And I'll go to Nannie, O!

My Nannie's charming, sweet, in
My Nannie's young
The stars, when in my eye, O!
May all be the best thing I know
That was and begets my Nannie, O!
Her heart is true, her heart is true
As good as she's a woman, O!
The old man's heart, we'll be
The best in the Nannie, O!

A woman's heart is my dearest
And I'll go to the best I know
What can I do for her, O!
The old man's heart, we'll be
The best in the Nannie, O!
The old man's heart, we'll be
The best in the Nannie, O!

But with Nannie's heart to love
His heart and his heart's O!
But I'm as happy as the birds
plough
An' the new day but Nannie, O!
Come, come, come, come, I care
Nannie
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
O!
Nannie's heart in life is a
But I'll be with you, I'll be with you, O!

O! all the days that I was
The best in the Nannie, O!
The best in the Nannie, O!
The best in the Nannie, O!

Her father, no more caprice here
And I'll go to the best I know
The best in the Nannie, O!
The best in the Nannie, O!

O! all the days that I was
The best in the Nannie, O!
The best in the Nannie, O!
The best in the Nannie, O!

When Christmas comes about again
Oh! I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you
I'll be with you, I'll be with you

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My Nannie, O!

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar
flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many O ;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nanny, O.

The wes'lan' wind blows loud an'
chill,

The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll
steal,

An' owe the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an'
young ;

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O !
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O !
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome, aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hands his
'plough,

An' hae nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weal, come, come wae, I care
na by,

I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me,
O ;

Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Sally in our Alley.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally.
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry
'em ;

Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could never own
So sweet a girl as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To roam abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,,
Oh ! then I shall have money !
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand
pounds,

I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

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